



CHARLES STARRETT *as*

# *The* DURANGO KID

No. 8

10¢





[illegible]



# The DURANGO KID

MUCH OF THE GLORY AND ADVENTURE OF THE OLD WEST TOOK PLACE NOT ON THE PLAIN—BUT IN THE WOOD AND STREAM OF THE BEAVER TRAIL.

READ HOW THE DURANGO KID DEFIES THE HAZARDS OF THE FUR-TRAPPING TRAIL AND BRAVES THE DREAD DANGER OF THE

**"WOLVES OF THE WILDERNESS!"**

THUNDER! IF ONLY I HAD A CHANCE TO CHANGE TO THE DURANGO KID!

CATTLE, COPPER AND GOLD WERE NOT THE ONLY WEALTH IN THE OLD WEST. THE MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS WERE FILLED WITH MINK, OTTER, BEAR AND BEAVER.

SOME JOBS THIS—ACTING AS HUNTING SCOUTS FOR THIS PARTY OF FUR TRAPPERS!

YEAH—SOME JOBS ALL RIGHT! GIVES ME THIN CREEPS! THEM HOWLIN' WOLVES AINT STOPPED FOLLERIN' US FER TWO DAYS!

EASY, MULEY—THE WOLVES ARE NO THREAT...

# THE DURANGO KID

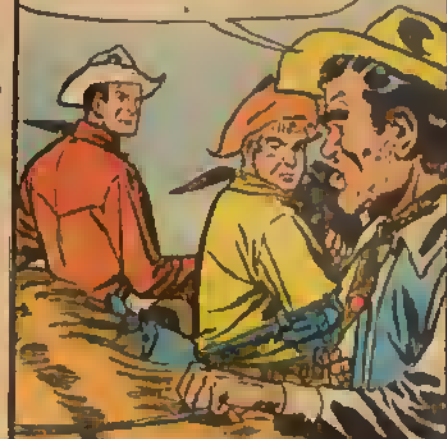
WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT ARE THE INDIANS. THESE MOUNTAINS ARE INHABITED BY THE UTE INDIANS—AND THEY ARE A WILD AND PIERCE BUNCH. UNLIKE THE SIOUX AND PAWNEE OF THE PLAINS, THE UTES HAVE NOT YET MADE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN!



UNLESS OUR TACTICS ARE RIGHT, MULEY—WE'RE IN DANGER OF **SUDDEN ATTACK AND MASSACRE** AT ANY MOMENT!



I HEARD WHUT YUH SAID, BRAND. SHUCKS, I AIN'T SCERED O' NO RED SKINS! NOT ME! IF ONE O' THEM INJUNS COMES CLOSE TUH ME, I'LL JEST PULL MUH GUN AN'...



...AN' PLUG HIM DAID—JEST LIKE I'M GONNA TAKE A POTSHOT AT THEY THERE WOLF!



JUST THIS, BURLY—THERE'LL BE NO SHOOTING AROUND HERE UNLESS I SAY SO! WOLVES ARE HARMLESS UNLESS THEY'RE ATTACKED—AND THAT GOES FOR INDIANS, TOO! WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE UTES, UNDERSTAND?



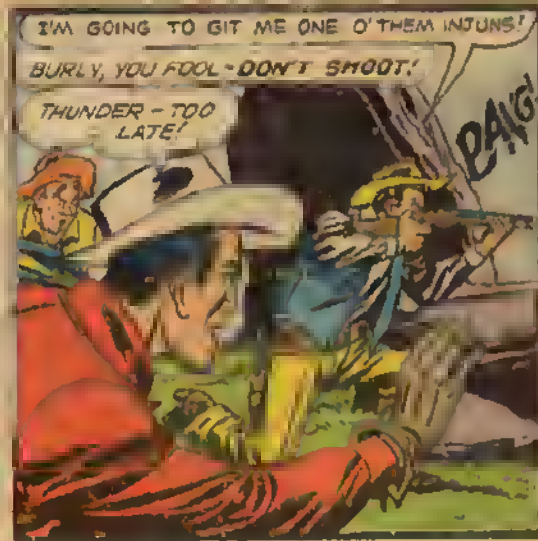
AND THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY JASPERES, TOO!

I'LL GIT EVEN WITH THEY HOMBRE YET! AN' I'LL GIT ME SOME UTE SCALPS TOO—TUH SHOW THUH BOYS BACK AT THUH FORT!





# THE DURANGO KID



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HHMM—SOMEHOW THOSE WOLVES ARE TOO SILENT TO SUIT ME. THEY USUALLY HOWL AT NIGHT. I REMEMBER MY OLD FRIEND KIT CARSON TELLING ME THAT UTE SOMETIMES DRESSED IN WOLF SKINS AND—  
**BLAZES!**



**EVERYBODY UP!  
GRAB YOUR GUNS!  
WE'RE BEING  
ATTACKED!**



**STEVE'S WARNING IS NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!**

**KILL! KILL!  
KILL THE WHITE INVADERS  
WHILE THEY SLEEP!**



**BUT STEVE AND HIS MEN ARE READY FOR THEM!  
DON'T GIVE AN INCH, MEN! KEEP SHOOTING!**



**BACK, BRAVES, BACK! OUR RUSE HAS FAILED!**



**WAL, WE LICKED 'EM  
AGAIN!**

**YES, I GUESS WE D.D. BUT  
THEY'LL BE BACK AGAIN—  
AND AGAIN!**



**MULEY, THIS WARFARE  
MUST STOP! WE'VE GOT  
TO CONVINCE THE UTE'S  
THAT WE DON'T WANT  
WAR. AND THERE'S ONE  
PERSON WHO CAN DO  
THAT—**

**I GIT IT—  
DURANGO!  
LUCKY I'VE BEEN  
MOVIN' RAIDER AN'  
YORE DURANGO OUT-  
FIT UP EVERY NIGHT!  
GOOD LUCK, STEVE!**



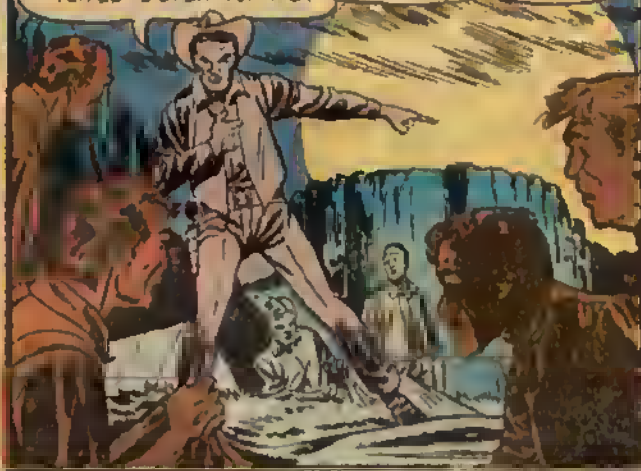
# THE DURANGO KID

**BUT-AS STEVE BRAND STEALS OUT OF THE CAMP TO THE HIDEOUT WHERE RAIDER AND HIS DURANGO KID OUTFIT IS KEPT...**

**WAL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! HE'S RUNNIN' OUT ON US, THE BIG FAKER!**



**MEN, THAT FAKER, STEVE BRAND JEST RUN OUT ON US! THOUGHT HE WAS BIG STUFF, DIDN'T YEZ? BUT HE SCOOTED WHEN THE SOIN' GOT TOUGH! NOW, MAYBE YUH'LL LISTEN TUM ME!**



**THAT'S ONLY ONE WAY TUM FIGHT REDSKINS-ATTACK AN' KILL! THAT'LL PUT THE OLD SCARE INTUM 'EM! LET'S GO FOLLER THEIR TRAIL AN' SHOOT UP THEIR CAMP. WE LICKED 'EM TWICE, AN' WE KIN LICK 'EM AGAIN!**



**OUTA MUH WAY, YUH CHICKEN-LIVERED GALOOT! WE'RE GOIN' TUM GIT US A FLOCK O' UTE SCALPS!**



**MEANWHILE...THROUGH THE FOREST NIGHT STREAKS THE FIGURE OF THE DURANGO KID!**

**AH, I SEE THEIR CAMP NOW! A FIRE! THEY MUST BE HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR-GOOD!**



**UP, RAIDER!**

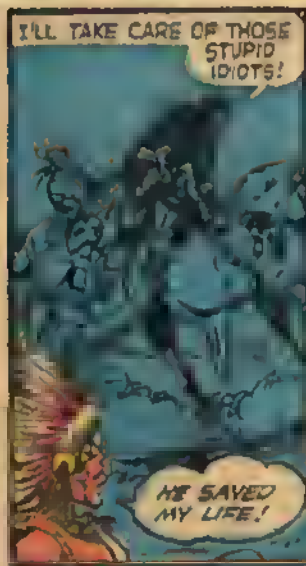
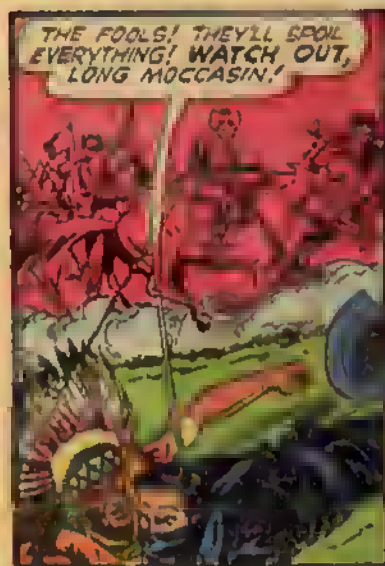
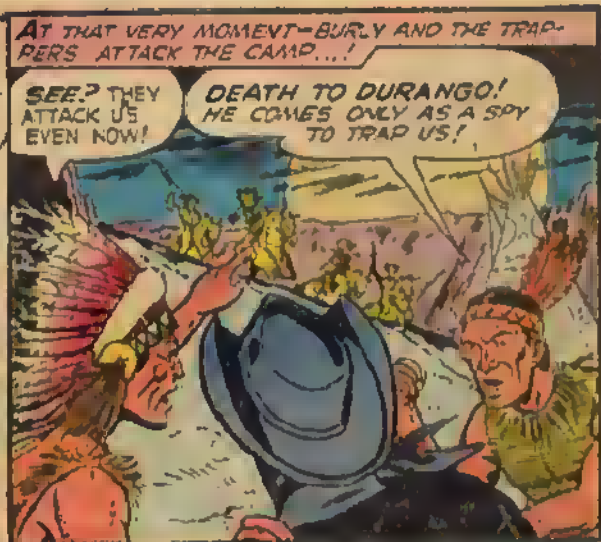


**GREETINGS, UTE CHIEFS! THE DURANGO CHIEF COMES IN PEACE, AND HAS WORDS TO MAKE WITH YOU!**





# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



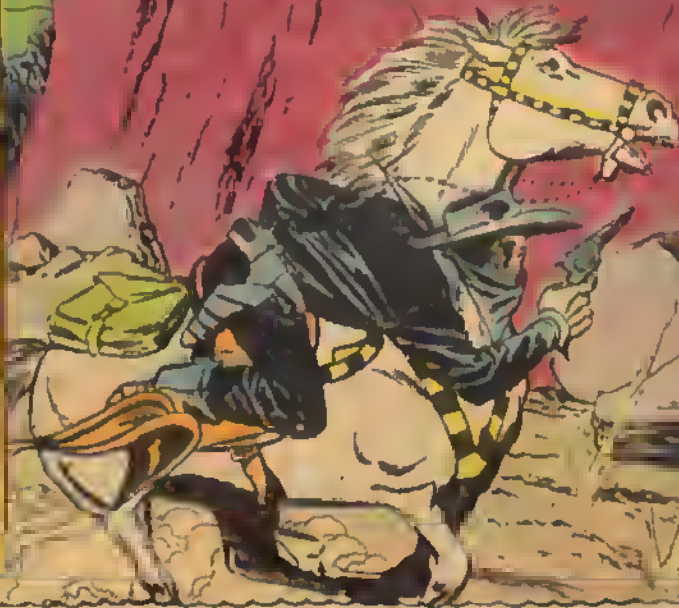
THE END



# The DURANGO KID

ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING CHAPTERS IN THE TAMING OF THE WEST IS THE STORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS - A CHAPTER WRITTEN IN BULLETS AND BLOOD!

DISPLAYING THE FLAMING COURAGE THAT MADE THIS VENTURE A SUCCESS, THE DURANGO KID'S GUN BLAZES DEFIANCE AND HIS CUNNING OUTWITS THE DEADLY "PERIL OF THE PONY EXPRESS!"



THE PONY EXPRESS! THUNDERING HOOFS POUND THE PRAIRIE ROAD! IN A CLOUD OF DUST UNDER THE SEARING SUN, THE DAUNTLESS PONY EXPRESS RIDER URGES HIS HORSE ONWARD - THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!



EVERY TWENTY-FIVE MILES ALONG THE WAY, THERE IS A RELIEF STATION WHERE FRESH HORSES ARE KEPT. IT IS A MATTER OF SECONDS FOR THE TIRELESS RIDER TO SWITCH MAIL AND SELF TO A NEW BRONC...



... AND ON HIS URGENT JOURNEY HE GOES! THE MAIL MUST GET THROUGH - AND GET THROUGH FAST!

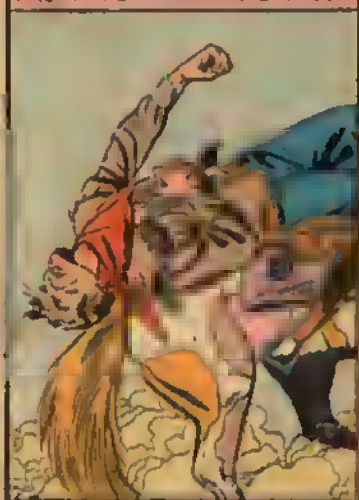
GIT GOIN', LAD - YUH'RE BREAKIN' ALL RECORDS!



BUT FIFTEEN MILES OUT OF THE LAST RELIEF STATION, ENEMIES AWAIT THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER. A WINCHESTER BARKS...



...AND THE RIDER TUMBLES FROM THE HURLING SADDLE!



MEANWHILE—AT THE NEXT RELIEF STATION...

STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE/WAL, I'LL BE A PURPLE FACED BABOON! I'M SHORE GLAD TUM SEE YUH!

HELLO, SAM, WE WERE RIDING BY AND THOUGHT WE'D STOP FOR A BIT OF PALAVER WITH AN OLD PAL. HOW ARE THINGS WITH THE PONY EXPRESS, SAM?



JUST BOOMING, STEVE—JUST BOOMING. THE PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN CUTTIN' IN HALF THUM TIME IT TAKES TUM GIT THUM MAIL FROM ST. JOE TO SACRAMENTO.

THIS IS A BIG THING FOR THE WEST, SAM. YOU MUST BE RIGHT PROUD TO BE A ROAD AGENT FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!



HEY! WHAT THE—! THAT'S ONE OF OUR PONIES! BUT WHAR'S THE RIDER!

LET'S CATCH THAT PAINT BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE CORRAL!



THUNDER! ROBBED! THUM MAILBAG'S EMPTY!

COME ON—LET'S SLAP LEATHER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT RIDER—IF HE'S ALIVE!



TARNATION! THIS IS THUM FIRST TIME THUM PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN ROBBED. KNOW WHUT THAT MEANS, STEVE?

YES, SAM, I DO! THE PONY EXPRESS IS BUILDING ITS REPUTATION ON GETTING THE MAIL THROUGH FAST AND SAFELY...!





# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

GENTLEMEN, I'VE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES-AS A RIDER FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!

WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY! BLESS YOU, DURANGO-BLESS YOU! WITH YOUR REPUTATION-

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE BIG NEWS SPREADS LIKE FIRE THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.

DIDJA HEAR THUH NEWS? DURANGO'S RIDIN' FER THUH PONY EXPRESS!

WHY, THAT'S GREAT! I'D TRUST MY MAIL TUH DURANGO ANY DAY. MEBBE HELL GIT THEM KILLERS, TOO!

BUT-IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE SALOON, THE NEWS IS NOT GREETED WITH SUCH JOY!

YUH HEAR THEY, MASTERS?

I HEAR IT, ALL RIGHT. IT CERTAINLY MESSSES UP OUR PLANS TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS.

MY STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS BEEN RUNNING THE MAIL TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL-AND THE PONY EXPRESS HAS KNOCKED OUR BUSINESS TO PIECES. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS, MEN-AND BREAK WE WILL!

WE KILLED THAT OTHER RIDER-AND WE CAN KILL DURANGO, TOO! LET'S GO!

BOY-WHEN WE LAY DURANGO OUT COLD, THAT'LL BE **NOTHIN'** T'STOP THUH PONY EXPRESS FROM GOIN UNDER!

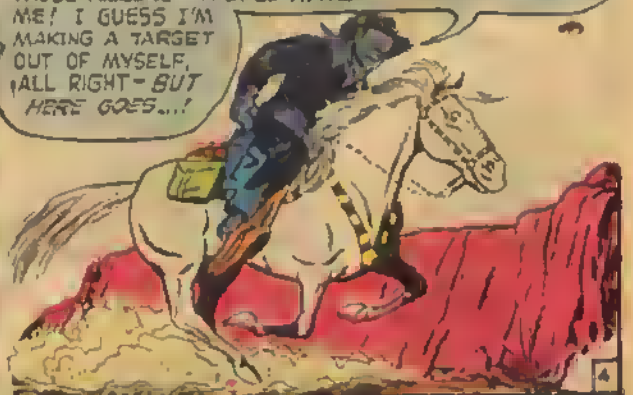
NEXT MORNING!

GOOD LUCK, DURANGO!

**HOORAY!**

THE GREAT WHITE HORSE, RAIDER, SKIMS ALONG THE ROAD, AND, DURANGO, KEEN EYES SQUINTING FAR AHEAD, KEEPS HIS HAND NEAR HIS GUN...

RESTORING CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY ISN'T MY ONLY AIM IN DOING THIS! THIS IS ALSO A CHALLENGE TO THOSE KILLERS-THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE A PLAY FOR ME! I GUESS I'M MAKING A TARGET OUT OF MYSELF, ALL RIGHT-BUT HERE GOES...!





# THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL MILES DOWN THE PONY EXPRESS ROAD...

HE'LL NEVER SEE THAT WIRE WE'RE STRINGING ACROSS THE ROAD. HE'LL TAKE A DIVE WHEN HE SLAMS INTO THAT—AND THEN—

AND THEN WE PLUG HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN! EVERYBODY SHOOT! JUST DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET HIS HAND ON THAT GUN OF HIS, SEE? HE'S QUICK AS DEATH WITH THAT IRON!

MINUTES DRAG LIKE HOURS. THEN—

THAT DUST PLUME COMIN' UP— I THINK IT'S HIM, BOSS!

THAT CUT AHEAD LOOKS LIKE A FINE PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH. AND WHAT'S THAT GLINTING IN THE SUN BETWEEN THOSE TREES? A SPIDER'S WEB? NOPE— TOO LONG FOR A SPIDER'S WEB...

...MUST BE A WIRE! NEAT TRICK! WELL, WE'LL JUST RIDE AROUND IT!

HE SAW THE WIRE! SHOOT! SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

# THE DURANGO KID

BUT DURANGO, EXPECTING GUNPLAY, HAS ALREADY ROLLED OVER RAIDER'S SIDE, AN OLD INDIAN TRICK—AND HIS GUN LEAPS INTO HIS HAND.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A SHOT COMING ALONG JUST ABOUT NOW—RIGHT? KEEP GOING, RAIDER! THEY'RE ON THOSE BLUFFS...!

...WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TAKING THE BULL RIGHT BY THE HORNS. DIDN'T EXPECT ME THIS WAY, DID YOU, GENTS?

...I THOUGHT I'D JUST DROP IN. SORRY I CAN'T STAY LONG...!

BUT THE MAIL'S GOT TO GO THROUGH! NO, RAIDER!

UP WE GO, RAIDER! THEY COULDN'T HIT A BARN IF THEY WERE INSIDE IT!

HE GOT AWAY! THUNDER!

AND—A FEW MINUTES LATER...

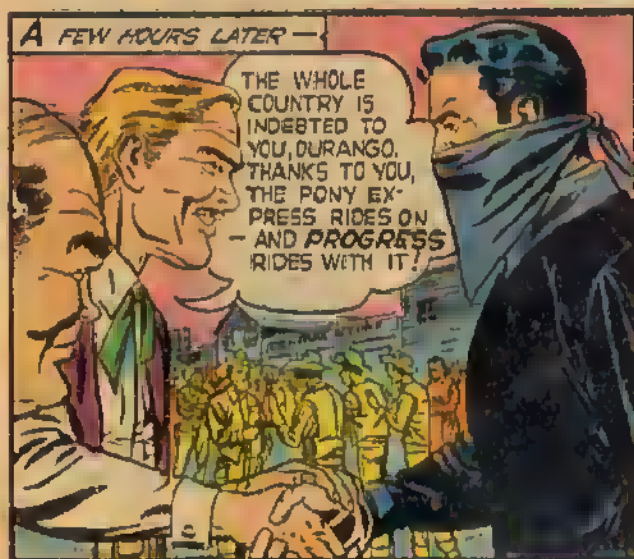
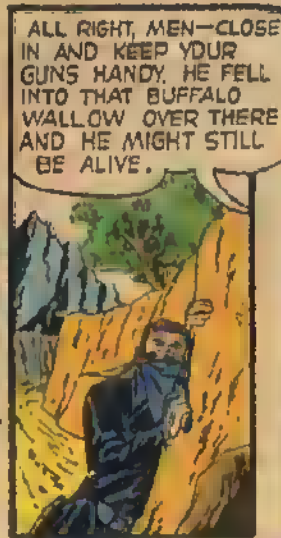
MULEY! JUST IN TIME! QUICK, TAKE THESE MAILBAGS AND CARRY THEM ON!

RIGHT! I GIT IT—I HEARD THUH SHOOTIN! GONNA CLEAN UP ON THUH DIRTY VARMINTS DURANGO!

LET'S GO, RAIDER—BACK! THERE'S A SCORE TO SETTLE FOR THE PONY EXPRESS...!



# THE DURANGO KID





# Dan Brand and Tipi



BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH ENGAGED IN FIERCE AND BLOODY BATTLES FOR CONTROL OF THE NEW WORLD. ONE FAVORITE TACTIC WAS TO PLAY ON THE SMOLDERING HATREDS OF THE INDIAN FOR THE WHITE SETTLERS. WHEN STIRRED TO WAR,

THE INDIAN TRIBES UNITED INTO ONE GREAT BLOODTHIRSTY ARMY—AND THEIR LONG PENT-UP BITTERNESS EXPLODED ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY IN

## "MASSACRE!"

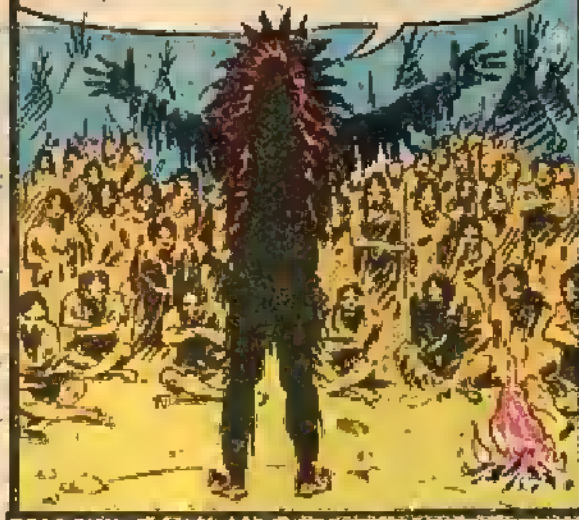
A GRIM FOREBODING GRIPS THE NORTHERN FRONTIER! FROM EVERY HILL SMOKE SIGNALS ARE SEEN—OMINOUS SIGNS OF BLOOD AND DEATH TO COME!

RISE, BROTHERS! SWIFTLY, LET US SPEED TO OUR CHIEFS WHO CALL US. IT IS THE CALL OF WAR—AT LAST!



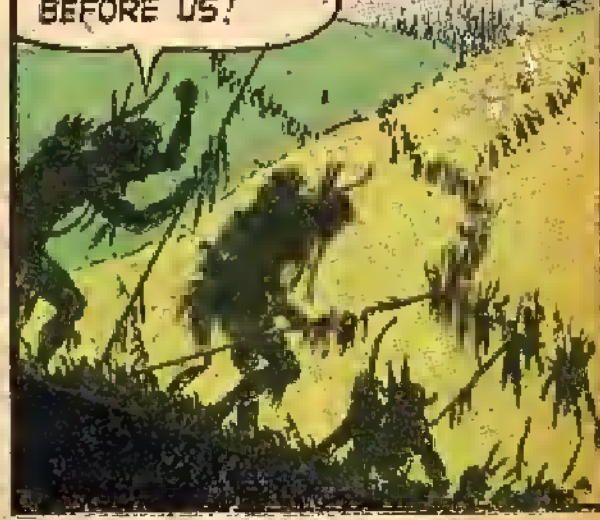
AND IN EVERY INDIAN CAMP OF WARLIKE IROQUOIS AND HURON, STERN PREPARATIONS FOR COMING SLAUGHTER ARE MADE...

DON THE WAR PAINT! CLEAN RIFLES! SHARPEN TOMAHAWKS TO THE EDGE OF THE KEENEST KNIFE! PREPARE, BRAVES—FOR TOMORROW THE GREAT INDIAN NATIONS ASSEMBLE!



AND ON THE MORROW—FROM EVERY HILL AND VALLEY THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF GRIM INDIANS STREAM IN NEVER-ENDING FILES AND JOIN THEIR FORCES.

FROM EVERY HILL WE COME—MORE NUMEROUS THAN TREES! THE WHITE MAN SHALL TREMBLE AND FALL BACK BEFORE US!





FINALLY, WHEN ALL THE CHIEFS ARE ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR COUNCIL OF WAR, THEY ARE ADDRESSED BY—TWO FRENCH GENERALS!

WE PROMISE GREAT TRACTS OF LAND, MANY BRIGHT BEADS, MUCH FIRE-WATER AND RIFLES, IF YOU MAKE WAR AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLONIES. EES NOT SO?

AH, OUI—SO! ZE KING OF FRANCE—HE HAS ONLY LOVE FOR ZE BRAVE CHIEFS OF ZE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS!



GOOD! FOR WE, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS THIRST FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE SETTLER WHO TAKES AWAY OUR HUNTING LANDS! WE NEED YOUR RIFLES — THEN WE ATTACK!



AND SOON—THE ATTACK!

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S WAR! IF WE GOT TO DIE—LET'S DIE FIGHTIN'!



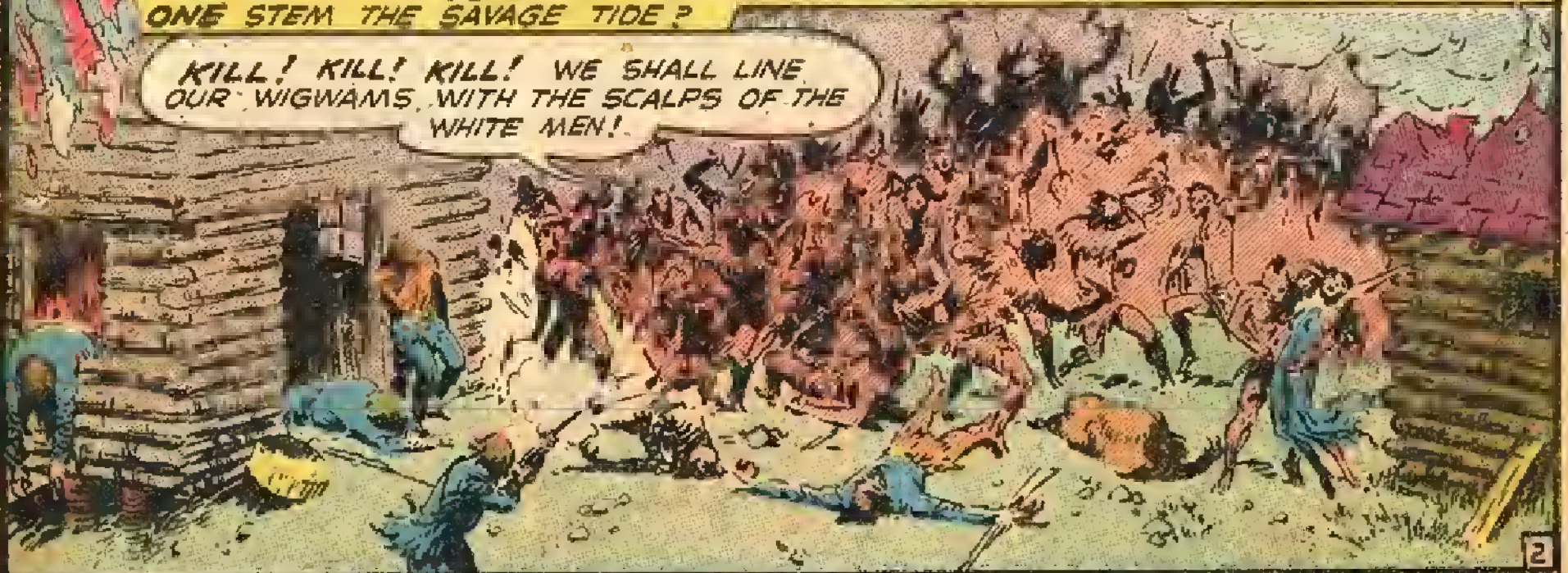
LEAVE NOT ONE WHITE MAN ALIVE!



## MASSACRE!!!

THE 'HATED, FEARFUL WORD, 'MASSACRE' RIPS ACROSS THE FRONTIER LIKE A THROTTLED SCREAM! STARK FEAR RIDES IN ADVANCE OF THE POURING WAVES OF THE INDIAN ARMIES! THE ROADS ARE CHOKED WITH FLEEING REFUGEES, RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES. 'MASSACRE!' EXPLODES ACROSS THE WILDERNESS TOWNS — CAN NO ONE STEM THE SAVAGE TIDE?

KILL! KILL! KILL! WE SHALL LINE OUR WIGWAMS WITH THE SCALPS OF THE WHITE MEN!





# THE DURANGO KID

THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE! AND, LEADING THEM, AS SCOUTS, ARE DAN BRAND AND TITI!

I HOPE WE'RE ON TIME! EVERY MINUTE MEANS A LIFE SAVED, DAN BRAND!

I KNOW, GENERAL BRADDOCK— IF ONLY YOUR TROOPS COULD MOVE FASTER!



FRANKLY, GENERAL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR TACTICS. THE RED COATS OF YOUR SOLDIERS AND THEIR PARADE-MARCHING WILL MAKE THEM PERFECT TARGETS FOR THE INDIANS! INDIANS FIGHT FROM CONCEALMENT, YOU SEE. THEY DISPERSE BEHIND EVERY TREE...

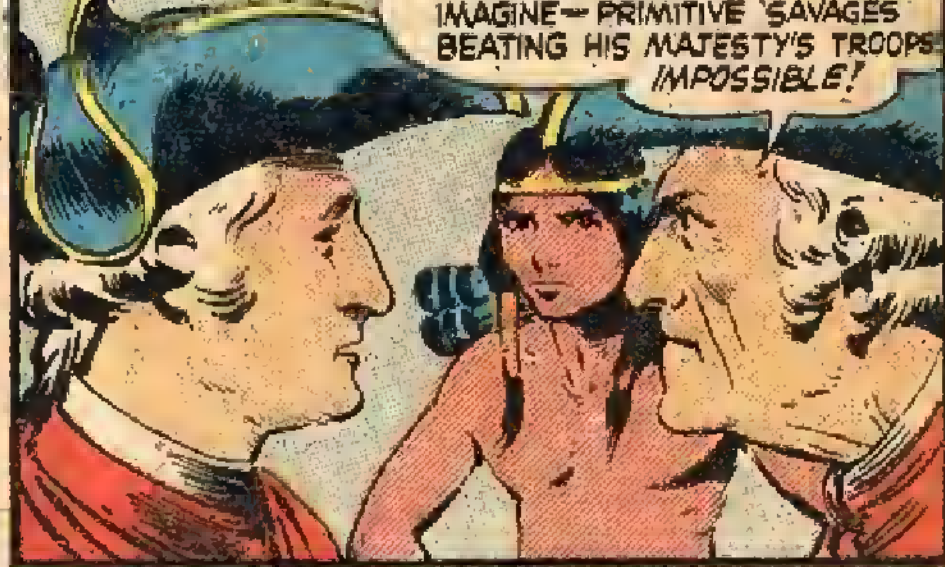


... THEY EVEN PAINT THEIR BODIES AND FACES FOR CAMOUFLAGE! WAR ISN'T A PARADE GROUND FOR *THEM*, GENERAL! UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR WAY OF FIGHTING YOU'LL BE BEATEN MERCILESSLY. INDIANS MUST BE FOUGHT INDIAN-STYLE!

BAH! COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NONSENSE?

I DON'T THINK IT'S NONSENSE AT ALL! DAN BRAND'S RIGHT, SIR!

FOOLS! WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! SIRRAH— WHEN THOSE DEUCED SAY-AGES SEE OUR DISCIPLINED FORMATIONS AND HEAR OUR BUGLES, THEY'LL RUN LIKE THE COWARDS THEY ARE! IMAGINE— PRIMITIVE 'SAVAGES' BEATING HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS! IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT THAT NIGHT, COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKES DAN AND TITI ASIDE, SECRETLY...

DAN YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! I FEAR THAT BRADDOCK WILL BE SORELY BEATEN. THE COLONIES WILL BE LOST UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT FIGHTING THE INDIANS IN THEIR OWN WAY— AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT!

GO, DAN— LEAVE NOW! I TRUST YOU— DO WHAT YOU CAN! I SHALL FIGHT IT OUT HERE WITH BRADDOCK!

PROTECT YOURSELF WELL, SIR! AMERICA WILL HAVE NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU SOME DAY! FAREWELL! TITI AND I WILL SLIP PAST THE GUARDS..



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

QUICKLY, LITTLE BROTHER. WE MUST ROUND UP THE FRIENDLY TRIBES OF CATAWBA, CHIPPEWA AND MOHAWK— AND BRING THEM AGAINST THEIR ANCIENT ENEMIES, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON...





# THE DURANGO KID

AND SOON—THE BACKWOODS THROB TO THE SOUND OF DRUMS, STEADY AND PULSING LIKE HEART-BEATS IN THE NIGHT. FROM HILL TO HILL THE LOGDRUMMERS PASS THE URGENT MESSAGE ON...

I HEAR THE DRUMS EVEN NOW—"DAN BRAND...CHIPPEWA...CATAWBA...MOHAWK...COME QUICKLY WITH TOMAHAWK AND GUN...THE HATED IROQUOIS ARE ON THE WARPATH...COME ALL...COME!"



MEANWHILE—GENERAL BRADDOCK'S TROOPS SIGHT THE ENEMY.

ENEMY INDIANS, SURE—SIGHTED IN THOSE WOODS!

ATTENTION! MEN, PREPARE FOR BATTLE! ATTACK FORMATION!



IN PERFECT STEEP RANKS STRAIGHT AS RULERS, COLORS FLYING, BAG-PIPES PLAYING, DRUMS ROLLING, BUGLES BLOWING—THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY MARCHES TO THE ATTACK...

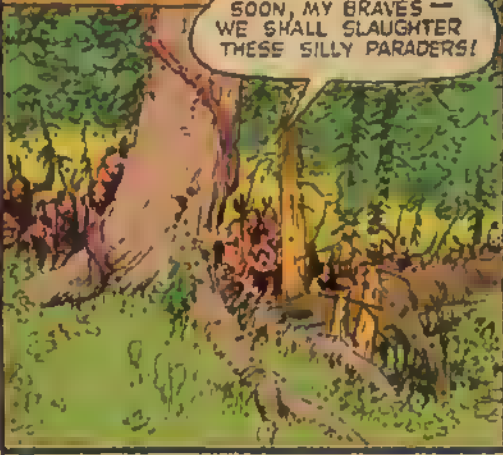
FORWARD, MARCH! FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING!

BLIMEY! WHERE'S THE ENEMY? I CAN'T EVEN SEE 'EM!



THE ENEMY WAITS! THE TRAP IS SET, INDIAN-STYLE...

SOON, MY BRAVES—WE SHALL SLAUGHTER THESE SILLY PARADERS!



AND THEN—ALL AT ONCE, FROM EVERY DIRECTION, FRONT, REAR, RIGHT, LEFT, ABOVE—COMES A DEADLY RAIN OF BULLETS AND ARROWS, LACING INTO THE REDCOAT RANKS!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GENERAL—ORDER THE MEN TO DISPERSE AND DIG IN—SO THEY CAN FIGHT BACK! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED LIKE DUCKS IN A POND!

NEVER! HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS WILL NEVER BEND TO SAVAGES!



THE RED-COATED SOLDIERS ARE RIPPED TO PIECES...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I CAN'T STAND IT! LET'S RUN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



...AND, PANIC-STRICKEN, THEY FLEE—CHASED BY TRIUMPHANT IROQUOIS...

STOP! DON'T RETREAT! DIG IN AND FIGHT! FIGHT! IF ONLY DAN BRAND WERE HERE!



# THE DURANGO KID

A FEW MILES TO THE REAR, THE RETREATING ARMY MEETS DAN BRAND AND HIS INDIAN FRIENDS...

RUN! RUN!  
THE ENEMY'S  
RIGHT BEHIND  
US!

SILENCE, MAN—WE'RE  
RUNNING AWAY NO  
LONGER! DAN BRAND  
IS HERE! IT WAS  
TERRIBLE, DAN—YOU  
WERE SO RIGHT!



RUNNING DEER—CONCEAL YOUR RIFLE-  
MEN IN THE TREETOPS! LONG FOOT—  
DISGUISE YOUR MEN  
AS BUSHES! GREAT  
BEAR—YOU AND YOUR  
TRIBE WILL HIDE TO  
THE REAR IN THE  
VALLEY AS A RESERVE  
ATTACK FORCE...

I'M GOING TO  
STAY HERE AND  
FIGHT WITH YOU,  
DAN—TO LEARN  
HOW IT'S DONE!



TIP!—TAKE HALF THE WARRIORS  
AND HIDE THEM ON THAT HILL.  
WHEN I GIVE THE  
SIGNAL, ATTACK AND  
CUT OFF THE ENEMY  
FROM THE REAR.

FOLLOW  
ME,  
BRAVES!



RED  
FINGER—  
DO YOU  
UNDER-  
STAND  
YOUR  
MISSION?

I DO, BROTHER DAN  
BRAND. WE SHALL  
REMAIN HIDDEN HERE,  
FIRING OUR ARROWS  
HIGH INTO THE AIR  
SO THAT THEY WILL  
FALL LIKE RAIN UP-  
ON THE HEADS OF  
THE HATED IROQUOIS  
AND HURONS!



AH, HERE THEY  
COME—INTO OUR  
TRAP! WE WILL  
NOT FIRE UNTIL  
WE SEE THE  
WHITES OF THEIR  
EYES!

I SHALL  
USE THAT  
TACTIC  
SOME  
DAY!



THE OVER-  
CONFIDENT  
IROQUOIS  
AND HURONS  
CHARGE INTO  
THE CLEARING,  
NOT KNOWING  
THEY ARE SUR-  
ROUNDED ON  
ALL SIDES BY  
DAN'S CLEVERLY  
HIDDEN MEN.  
THEN—

LIKE A  
ROLL OF THUN-  
DER, THE VALLEY  
ECHOS TO THE  
CRACK OF TWO  
THOUSAND RIFLES  
AND THE AIR  
SINGS WITH  
THE HISS OF  
TWO THOUSAND  
ARROWS!

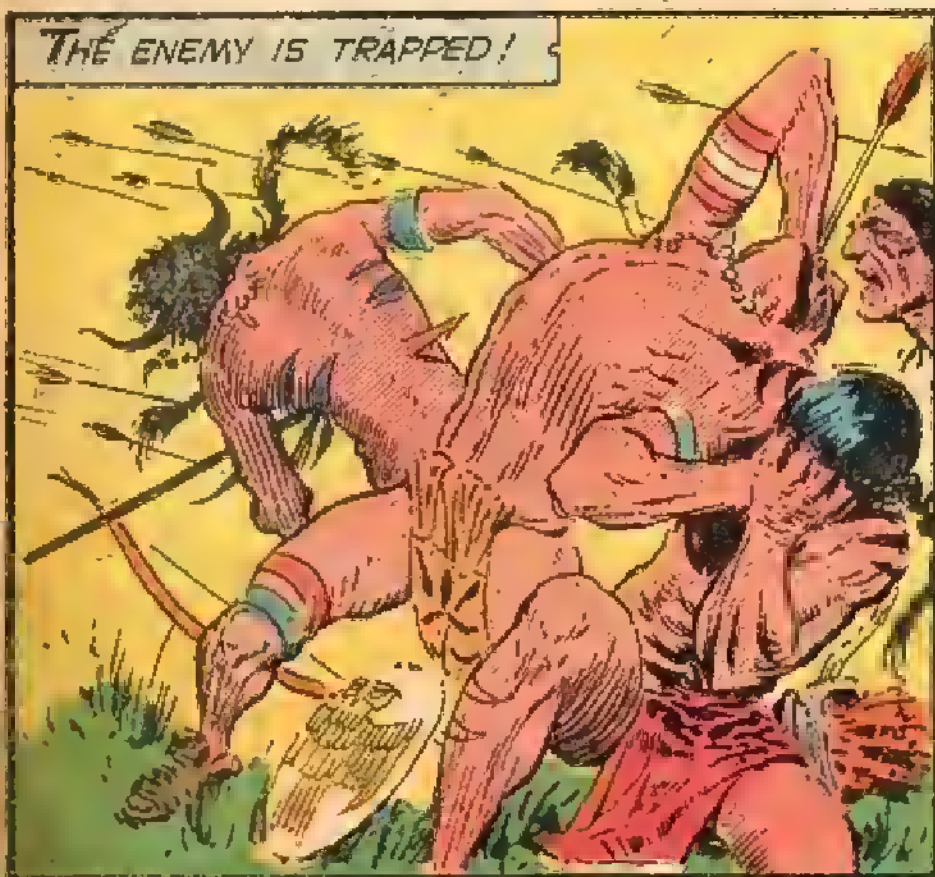


SACRE  
BLEU!



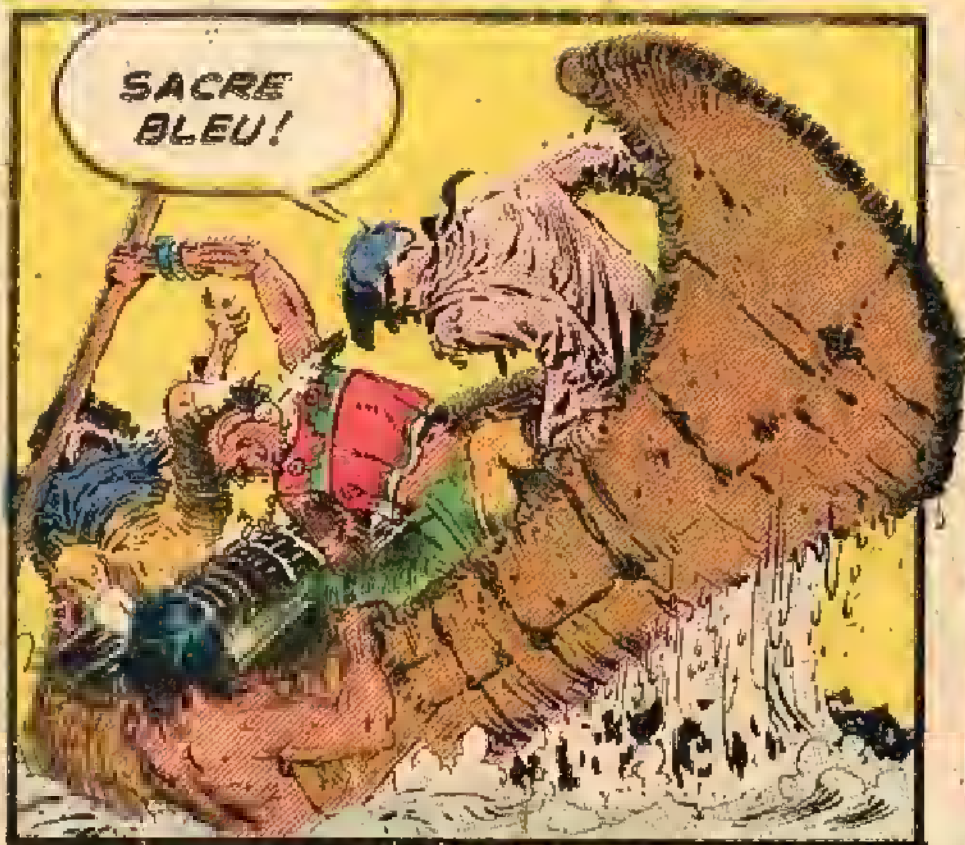
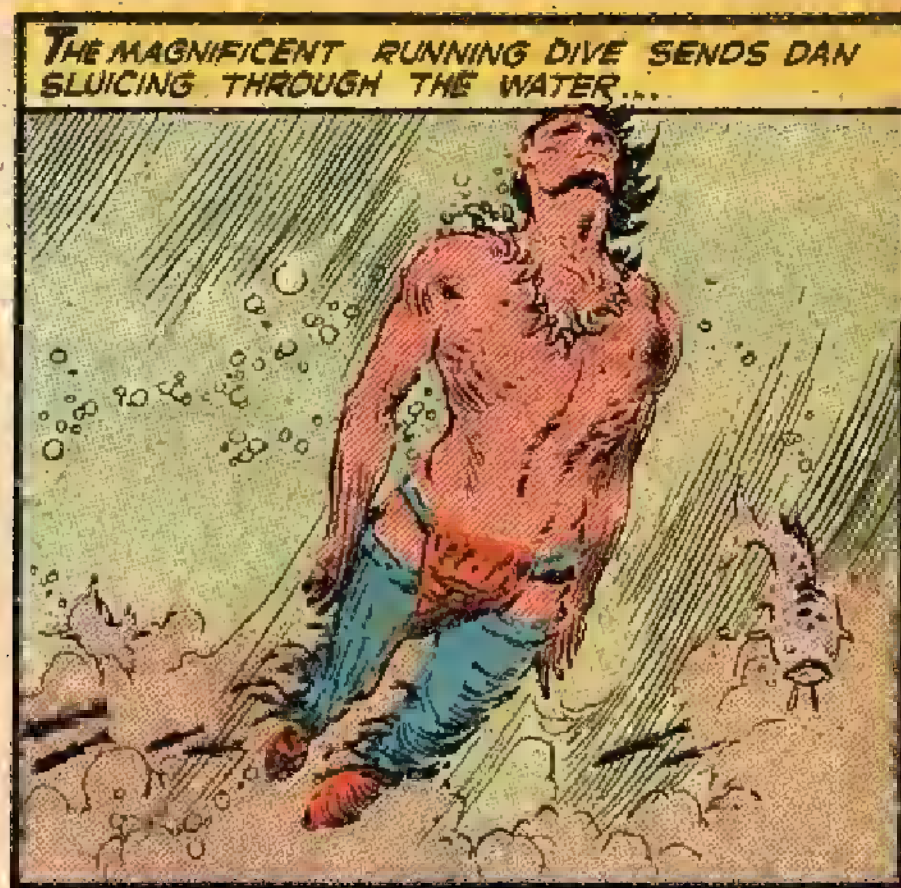
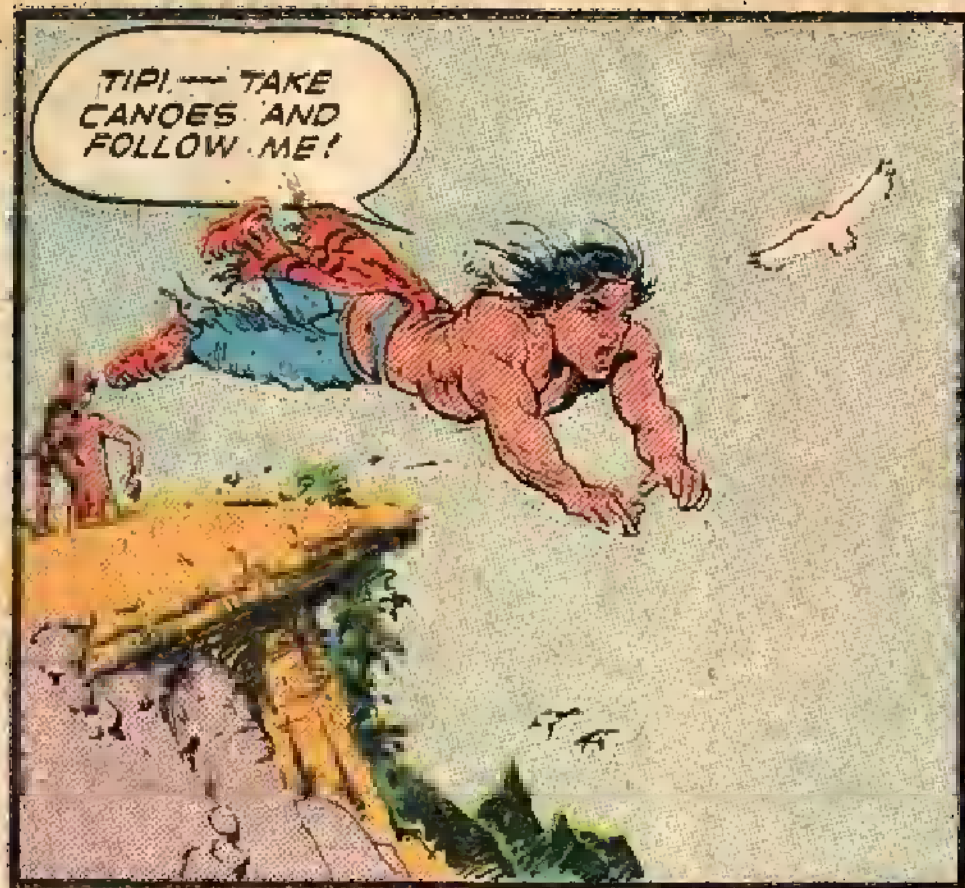


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE GUN GAMBLE

HE CAME into Hogshead late in a summer day, with the dust of the desert and the sage flats white on his worn levis and faded shirt. His face was lean under the dirty sombrero and burned brown from days of sun-scorched riding. There was only one thing clean about him as he came down from the kak before Ed Harmoney's saloon; two things, rather. He wore two Colts strapped low on his thighs, and they glittered where the sun touched them.

The marshal looked at the guns, and at the hard eyes in the brown face; then he went and took his own shellbelt down from the wall, and strapped it on. Then he went out hunting the man that had ridden in.

He found him in the hotel, scrawling his name on the register. Under closer scrutiny, he wasn't a man, but a kid. Hitting seventeen, maybe eighteen. But he'd done man's work. His body was lean and hard, like whipcord. When you saw him move, it was like watching a bobcat stalk through the room.

The marshal said, "Stayin' long?"

The kid said, "Long enough," and waited.

The marshal said, "We don't want trouble. You wear two guns. That's man-size out this way."

"I'm man-size." And the way he said it, calm and soft, made the marshal swallow it. He looked at the marshal a little longer, then he dug down in his levis and took out a worn leather bag and opened it. He shook its contents out on his palm.

The marshal stared down at two gleaming gold cuff-links, set with tiny diamonds in the form of an ace. He choked back the gasp that came to his lips.

"Know anybody 'round here that wears cuff-links like these?" asked the kid.

"No," lied the marshal. "Can't say I do. Purty things. Fancy. I'd remember cuff-links like those."

The marshal was lying, because everybody in town knew who owned the twin to those links. Big Ed Raider, who owned the Dozen Dot ranch half a hundred miles south of Hogshead, and half of Hogshead with it. But the marshal had seen the look in the kid's eyes, and he recognized death when he saw it. He made a mental note to send word to Big Ed to stay away from town come Saturday night. By that time, he figured, the kid would be gone, and there would be no trouble. The town marshal was dead set against

trouble. Trouble always meant work for him, and he was a lazy man.

The kid packed away two steaks that night in Blonde Mary's restaurant. He slept fifteen hours in a hotel bed a self-respecting horse wouldn't rest in. But before he did any of those things, he was down in the hotel stable, brushing down the black mare he rode until her coat shone like rich velvet.

Folks in town figured the kid would hit out for Abilene come sunup. He might have, at that, if he hadn't eaten breakfast with Your-bet Clark, who ran the faro and monte games in Harmoney's saloon. Your-bet saw the cuff-links when the kid dropped the little leather bag.

"You win them links from Ed Raider honest?" he asked the kid.

He meant it for a joke, but the hand that caught and twisted his shirt and coat and brought him half up out of his chair made his grin turn sour on his lips.

"Ed Raider," the kid said softly. "So that's what he calls himself! Tell me about him!"

Later, Your-bet claimed the kid hypnotized him with those cold blue eyes. He found himself talking about Big Ed, how he'd ridden into the valley half a dozen years before with plenty of money; how he'd bought out Mike Gargan's Dozen Dot ranch and started working it; how his luck had continued until he owned six stores in town and most of the valley water rights. The gambler said, "He comes into town every Saturday night for a go with the cards at my table."

The kid said softly, "Yeah, he was always a gambler. He likes stud poker and redheads. You got a pretty redheaded dancer or singer in this town?"

"Well, yea. Sure! Toni Trevis. She's Big Ed's girl."

The kid nodded. "So he comes in town Saturday nights. Today's Friday. I think I'll stay over. And by the way—you can forget we had our little talk. Understand?"

The kid just sat there with his eyes cold on Your-bet's brown ones, but it was like he took his gun out and hit Clark between the eyes with it. Clark said later he wouldn't have talked about that conversation even if Apaches had gone to work on him.

The kid hung around all Friday, eating and sleeping, and smoking cigarettes he rolled with a supple twist of his fingers. The whole town watched him. Folks could feel.

the tension building in the air. Your-bet Clark had not talked, but the marshal had mentioned the cuff-links, here and there. After a night's sleep, he decided not to send a man out to the Dozen Dot. There were some things had happened here in town since Big Ed hit it that the marshal couldn't explain; and after each one, Big Ed Raider had got richer.

Saturday night came faster than folks thought possible. One minute it was Friday, and the next the lights were on, and the girls in Harmony's place were playing the piano and singing, and business was getting ready for a big night.

Big Ed Raider came into town Saturday night with half his crew. He swung down in front of the Harmony and stalked in, waving to some cronies. He pulled out a chair and began playing stud poker with Your-bet and a couple of his own boys.

He looked up once in a while, a little surprised that so many people were in the saloon. He was saying, "Ed Harmony must make a mite of money here. Think maybe I'll ask him to take me in as a partner," when the kid came in.

He came in easy, his boots making no noise. He was clean, with a new shirt and his boots polished. He even wore a new sombrero, set back off his blonde hair. But those two guns positively shouted. He must have spent hours polishing them.

Nobody said anything. Nobody moved. The kid came in and walked up to the poker table and stood there. Big Ed Raider sat there, and he turned white. His eyes bulged, and his cards fell out of his hands.

"Wally!" he whispered. "I thought—"

"I'm not dead, Ed. You got Paw real good, plumb center in the back, but some Navajo traders pulled me through, after taking out the slug you put in me.

The kid was talking soft, but everybody in that room heard him, because nobody even breathed while he was talking. The kid said, "I hear you done right well with the money you took from Paw. Reckon he was a fool to trust his brother. I always told him a man with no guts would pull a drygulch, give him the chance."

"You can't prove nothing about that killing," said Big Ed, breathing heavily. A crimson flush stole up around his neck. The veins on his forehead stood out clearly.

The kid laughed. He pulled out the little leather bag and upended it, bringing out a tattered picture with the picture of Big Ed, the kid, and an older man. There were three lead slugs, bullets, and a little black notebook. When Big Ed saw the notebook he choked and stood up.

"Sure," laughed the kid. "It's your diary. Tells all about some dealings you had with

a couple Texas banks and stagecoaches. How much you got from each one. It was in Paw's warbag. He was wise to you, Ed. He was givin' you a chance to go straight. You murdered—"

"It's a lie," choked Big Ed. "I never—"

Even redheaded Toni Trevis realized Big Ed was lying. She drew back a little from him, looking at him strangely.

The kid said, "I always told Paw you never had any guts, Uncle Ed. He said you did. Maybe he's lookin' on right about now, so it might be a good idea to find out."

The kid took the gun in his left holster out and opened the cylinder. He took out three shells, leaving three empty chambers in the cylinder. Then he twirled the cylinder, and put the gun on the green baize-topped poker table.

"Pick up the gun. Put it to your head. Pull the trigger. If you don't blow your brains out, I'll hand over all these proofs and walk out. You'll never see me again. You got a fifty-fifty chance of keeping everything you've gotten by murder and stealing. If you got guts enough to take that chance, you might win it all."

"No," said Big Ed, staring down at the gun. "No! I—"

The room was deadly still. The only sound was Big Ed's heavy panting, as he looked down at that gun and thought of his chances, weighing the Dozen Dot and his six stores and all the other properties he had around Hogshead, against three hullets and three empty chambers.

"I can't," he said, but he put his hand toward the gun.

Nobody expected Big Ed to pull a gun just then. His right hand dropped and lifted. It took everybody by surprise—everybody except the kid. The kid never seemed to move, but his right-hand gun was in his hand and belching red fire at Big Ed Raider's belly, and it spit that fire three times.

There were two bullets wasted in that shooting. The first bullet killed Big Ed just as dead as all three did. He fell on the poker table, knocked it over, and crashed to the floor. The leather bag, with the three lead slugs and the little black book and the picture fell on his back.

The marshal said to the kid, "I guess as his nephew, you inherit the Dozen Dot."

Curious, the marshal picked up the gun with the three empty chambers. He pulled out the shells and grunted in surprise. They were just shells. There was no powder, no lead in them. The marshal stared at the kid, saying, "The gun wasn't loaded! If he'd taken your dare, he'd have won everything!"

The kid laughed. "I was betting on a sure thing. I told you he had no guts!"

THE END



The

# DURANGO KID

YORE LUCK  
HAS JEST PLUMB  
RUN OUT, HOMBRE!  
GIT OUTA THIS  
IF YUH KIN!

STEVE BRAND - THE  
DURANGO KID - HAS  
BEEN IN PLenty OF  
TOUGH SITUATIONS IN  
HIS LIFE, AND ALWAYS  
CAME THROUGH TO A  
SMASH WIND-UP FOR  
JUSTICE. BUT THIS TIME...  
IS ESCAPE POSSIBLE?  
...IS IT THE END OF  
STEVE BRAND OR WILL  
THERE BE -

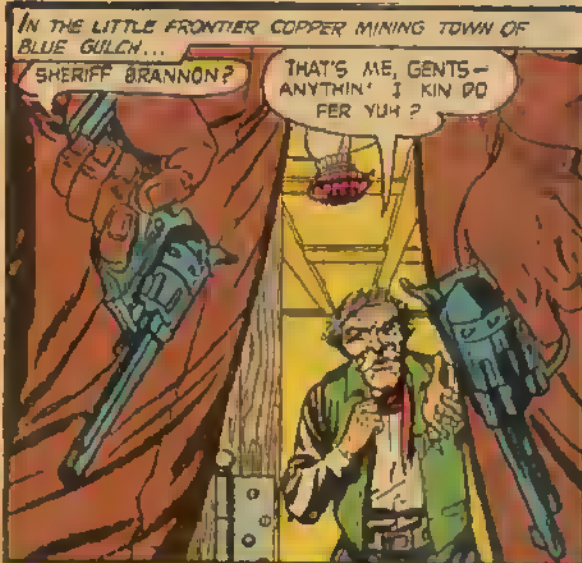
**A FINAL  
RECKONING?**



IN THE LITTLE FRONTIER COPPER MINING TOWN OF  
BLUE GULCH...

SHERIFF BRANNON?

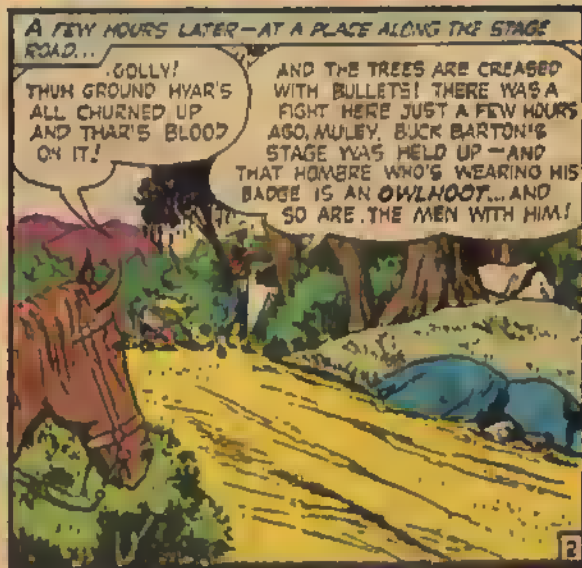
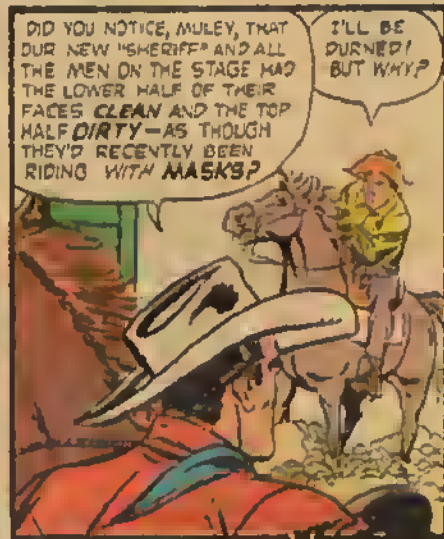
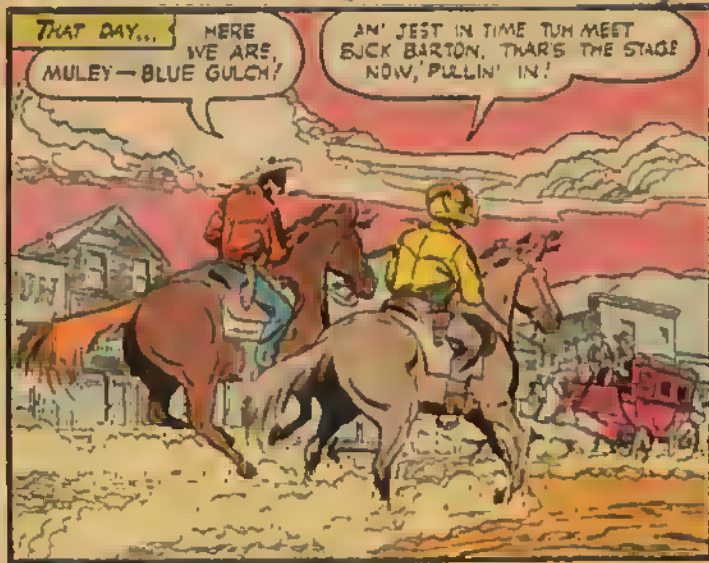
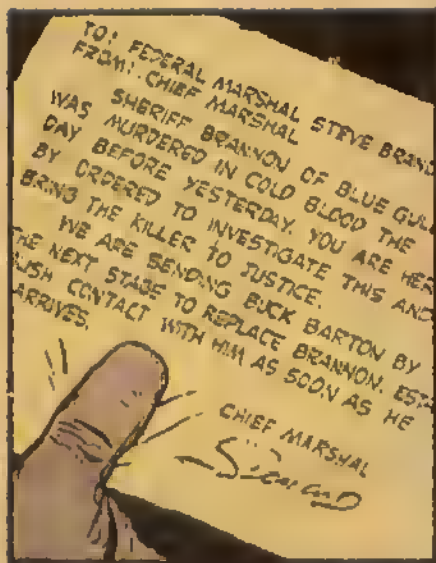
THAT'S ME, GENTS -  
ANYTHIN' I KIN DO  
FER YUH?



YEAH - THIS!

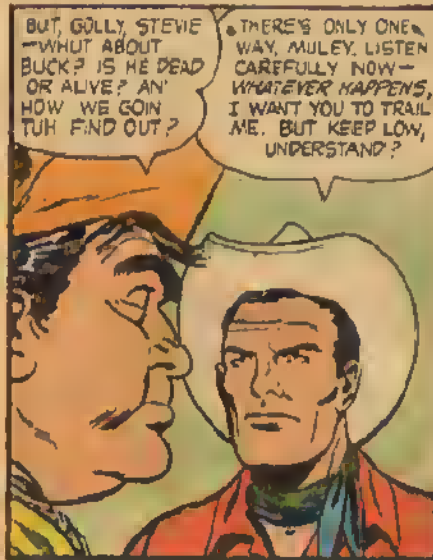


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

CRUSHER'S MUH HANDLE, PAL—AN' THESE HERE ARE MUH GUNRIDERS. YUP, WE'RE THUH JASPER'S WHUT KNOCKED OFF SHERIFF BRANNON. WE GOT BARTON, TOO, AN' WE'RE HOLDIN' H.M. AT OUR HIDEOUT FER RAN-SOM—ONCE WE'RE THROUGH WITH BUSI-NESS HERE!

THANK HEAVEN—BUCK'S ALIVE!

YUH SEE—BON! THUH SHERIFF 'ROUND HYAR'S GOIN' TUH 'VAKE IT A CINCH TUM GIT INTUH THE BANK, BUMP OFF THUH NIGHT WATCHMAN AN' ROB THUH PLACE! SMART, HUH?

YES, VERY SMART!

AVHUT YUH SAY, LUCKY? HOW 'BOUT JOININ' UP WITH MY BROOD? YUH'D BE A HANDBY HOMIBRE I'M YOUR MAN!

WE'RE MAKIN' BIG MONEY AN' WE SPLIT FAIR!

THS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GET TO BUCK!

GREAT! WHUT A TEAM! AN' NOW—WE PICK UP THUH REST OF THE BUNCH AN' PULL THET BANK JOB!

NOW I AM IN A FX! THEY PLAN ON KILLING THE NIGHT WATCHMAN—I CAN'T LET THEM DO THAT! YET—I'VE GOT TO PLAY ALONG WITH THEM SO I CAN GET TO THE BANK!

SINCE YOU AND YOUR MEN KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO, I GUESS THE BEST PLACE FOR ME IS DOWN THE ROAD, STANDING WATCHDOG—JUST IN CASE SOMEBODY COMES UP THE ROAD WHILE YOU'RE IN THE BANK.

SWELL! NOW I DIDN'T THINK O' THET—YUH'RE A SMART OWLHOOT, TOO!

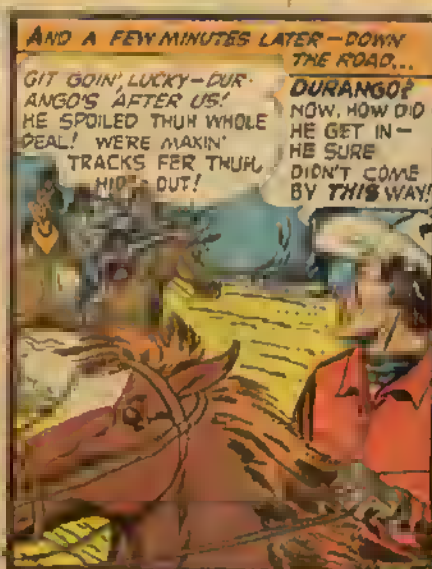
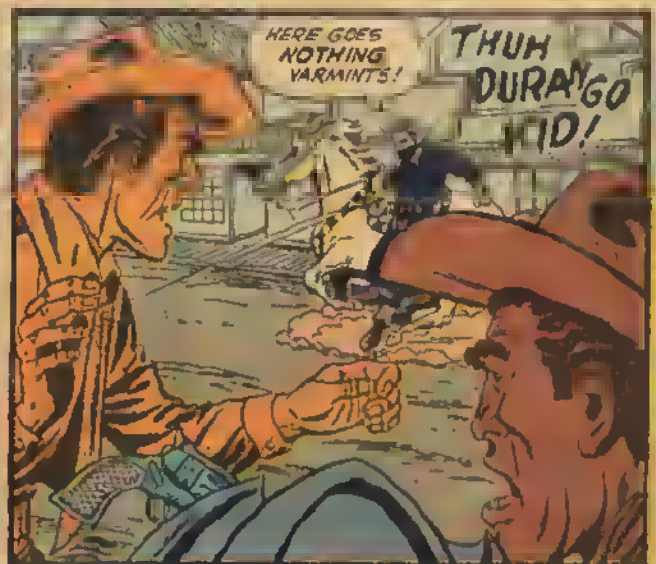
LET'S GO, MEN. YUH ALL KNOW THUH PLAN. I MOSEY UP TUM THUH NIGHT WATCHMAN FLASHIN' MUH SHERIFF'S BADGE, AN...

A FEW MINUTES LATER... HOWDY! EVERYTHIN'S JE JEST FINE, SHERIFF! YUH PASSIN' BY, MAKIN' MY ROUNDS SHORE TANK TUM SEE IF EVERYTHIN'S ALL YORE NEW JOB SERIOUS—AN' THET'S RIGHT. QUIET TONIGHT? WHUT I LIKE TUM SEE!

UH! GRO N!

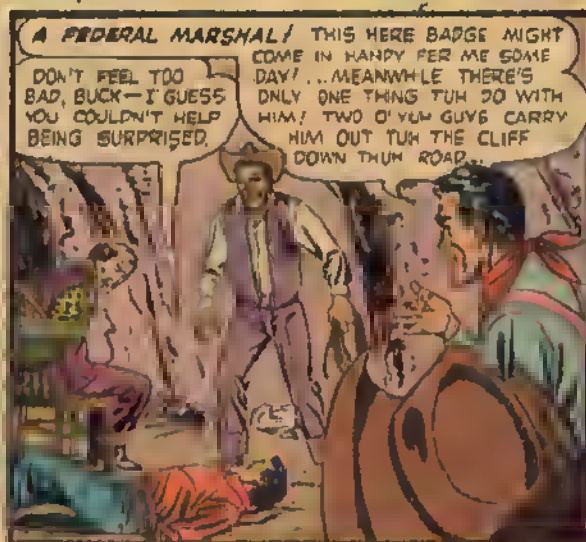


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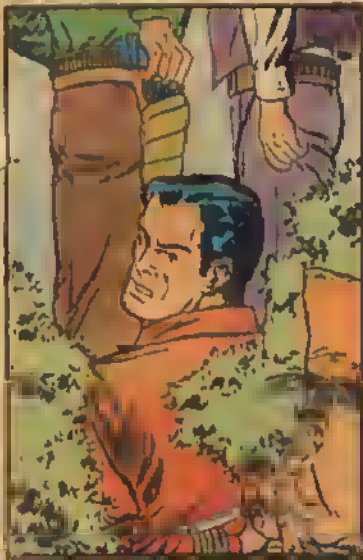


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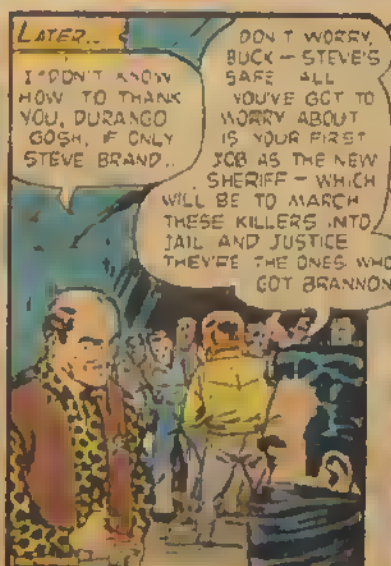


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company now. Interviewer: "What's the  
biggest gap you still see between you and  
the rest of the industry?"

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1. *What is the purpose of the study?*  
 2. *What are the research questions or hypotheses?*  
 3. *What is the study design?*  
 4. *What are the variables?*  
 5. *What are the results?*  
 6. *What are the conclusions?*

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Figure 1

☐ I prefer to be the one who is asked for help.

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